



Also--
A NEW MYSTERY Featuring **Pow-Wow Smith**
INDIAN LAWMAN



Detective COMICS

10c

APR. NO. 194

Featuring
"The
**STOLEN
BANK!**"

STOP, BATMAN!
I DISCOVERED YOUR SECRET
IDENTITY IN BRUCE WAYNE'S
VAULT BOX! IF YOU CAPTURE
ME, I'LL TELL THE WORLD
WHO YOU REALLY ARE!

TOP SECRET
TO BE OPENED ONLY IN
EVENT OF MY DEATH
FROM **BATMAN**
TO POLICE COMMISSIONER
GORDON



NOW MORE THAN EVER-

**THIS
FAMOUS SYMBOL**

ON THE COVER OF
ANY COMICS
MAGAZINE IS **YOUR**
GUARANTEE OF THE
BEST IN COMICS
READING

YES, WITH SO
MANY DIFFERENT
COMICS ON THE
NEWSSTANDS,
SOMETIMES IT'S
HARD TO CHOOSE
A MAGAZINE
YOU'RE **SURE** TO
LIKE, BUT PEOPLE
WHO KNOW COMICS
BEST **KNOW** THAT
THE D-C SYMBOL
ALWAYS MEANS
A **GOOD**
MAGAZINE!

SUPERMAN

DC

NATIONAL COMICS

**HOUSE of
MYSTERY**



10¢



APR.
NO. 12



The Black
Sorcerer



Now Playing!
The Great
Droppo
PRESENTS
The THEATER
of 1,000
THRILLS!

For Example,
IF YOU LIKE
MYSTERY STORIES,
YOU'RE PRETTY
SURE TO LIKE...

BATMAN

With
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

Deposited
for Crime
\$1,000,000.00

EVER HEAR OF A STOLEN BANK? NOT ROBBED, MIND YOU, BUT STOLEN... JUST AS A CROOK MIGHT STEAL A WALLET OR A WRISTWATCH? BATMAN AND ROBIN NEVER HEARD OF IT EITHER... AND THAT'S WHY BATMAN ENTRUSTED HIS MOST PRECIOUS SECRET TO ITS VAULTS! ONLY BY PUTTING THEIR LIVES INTO THE BALANCE CAN THE DARING DUO, BATMAN AND ROBIN, HOPE TO RECOVER THE PERILOUS SECRET, AND TRIUMPH OVER FIENDISHLY CLEVER CRIMINAL SCHEMERS IN THE CASE OF...

The STOLEN BANK



BY
BOB KANE

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DETECTIVE COMICS



IN A GOTHAM CITY HOME, A PEN SCRATCHES ACROSS PAPER... AND WORDS ARE WRITTEN FOR WHICH THE UNDERWORLD WOULD PAY A KING'S RANSOM...



BUT THE SECRET IS SAFE, SINCE IT IS BRUCE WAYNE WHO IS WRITING IT! AND A MOMENT LATER, WHEN HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON, ENTERS...

'HAVE YOU FINISHED YOUR LETTER TO COMMISSIONER GORDON, BRUCE?

'JUST NOW, DICK! I'M GOING TO PUT IT IN THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT OF THE NEW BANK THAT'S OPENING IN OUR TOWN! THERE'S NO SAFER PLACE! AND, IN THE EVENT OF MY DEATH, IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT OUR OLD FRIEND, COMMISSIONER GORDON, SHOULD KNOW THE SECRET OF MY IDENTITY AT LAST!

A SAFE PLACE? IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE BANK! IF BRUCE WAYNE COULD LOOK IN AT THIS MOMENT IN THE OFFICE OF MARTIN DUFF, BANK PRESIDENT, HE WOULDN'T SPEAK SO CONFIDENTLY!

WE OPEN FOR BUSINESS TOMORROW, MARTIN! I'M EXPECTING A GOOD CROWD... READY AND ANXIOUS TO DEPOSIT

THEIR LIFE SAVINGS WITH US!

IF THEY KNEW **SAMMY SABRE** IS THE SECRET OWNER OF THIS BANK THEY WOULDN'T BE SO ANXIOUS! YOU'RE WANTED FOR BANK ROBBERY IN FIVE STATES!

EIGHT STATES, I-I CAN'T BE A MARTIN! DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ME! BUT OUR EAGER DEPOSITORS WON'T KNOW ABOUT ME! THEY BELIEVE THEIR EMINENT FELLOW TOWNSMAN, MARTIN DUFF, IS THE FOUNDER OF THIS BANK!

SCHEME LIKE THIS, SABRE! I CAN'T!

I WON'T LET YOU DO IT! I'VE LIVED WITH THESE PEOPLE FOR TWENTY YEARS... AS AN HONEST MAN! JUST BECAUSE I MADE ONE SLIP, IN THE FORGOTTEN PAST...

PRECISELY, MARTIN! BECAUSE YOU MADE THAT SLIP, YOU'RE COMPLETELY IN MY POWER! YOU'LL DO AS I SAY! SHALL WE DRINK... TO CRIME?

THE FOLLOWING DAY, WHEN MARTIN DUFF'S NEW BANK OPENS FOR BUSINESS, BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON ARE AMONG THE FIRST DEPOSITORS...

ALL MY MOST VALUABLE PAPERS ARE GOING INTO THIS SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT, DICK! INCLUDING THE SECRET OF **BATMAN'S** IDENTITY... IN MY LETTER TO COMMISSIONER GORDON!

I SURE HOPE THIS VAULT IS BURGLAR-PROOF! I SHUDDER TO THINK OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE WRONG PEOPLE GOT THEIR HANDS ON THAT SECRET!



PRESIDENTLY, AS BRUCE STOPS AT A TELLER'S WINDOW TO PAY THE RENTAL ON HIS NEW SAFE DEPOSIT BOX, HIS SHARP EYES NOTE A PECCULAR FACT...

HMM... THAT TELLER COVERS UP THE ENGRAVED PICTURE OF THE PRESIDENT WITH HIS THUMB WHEN HE PASSES A BILL! THAT'S A TRICK OF COUNTERFEIT PEDDLERS... WHO WANT TO MAKE SURE PEOPLE DON'T NOTICE DEFECTS IN THE ENGRAVING! QUEER...



A SHORT TIME LATER, IN THE HOME OF SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE...

THAT TELLER AT THE NEW BANK, DICK! PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE WARNED MARTIN DUFF, THE PRESIDENT, THAT I SAW ONE OF HIS TELLERS USE AN OLD COUNTERFEITER'S TRICK!

LOOK, BRUCE. THE BAT-SIGNAL! COMMISSIONER GORDON IS CALLING BATMAN AND ROBIN!



SWIFTLY BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON CHANGE INTO THEIR FIGHTING COSTUMES AND...

SHALL WE GO DIRECTLY TO THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE?

NO, ROBIN! I CALLED HIM ON MY BELT RADIO! HE REPORTS A ROBBERY AT THE BANK! LET'S GET ROLLING IN THE BATMOBILE!



MEANWHILE, AT THE BANK...

THIS JOB WAS A CINCH, SABRE! IMAGINE ROBBIN' YOUR OWN BANK! HA, HA!

HOW COULD ANYTHING GO WRONG? WE KNEW WHERE THE BURGLAR ALARMS WERE PLANTED, THE COMBINATION TO THE SAFE, AND EVERYTHING!



DETECTIVE COMICS

BUT AS ROBIN TURNS TO ENTER THE FRAY, HE MEETS WITH A SURPRISE...



THEY GOT ROBIN!
I'LL MAKE THEM PAY FOR...

YOU HAVEN'T GOT EYES IN THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD, BATMAN!



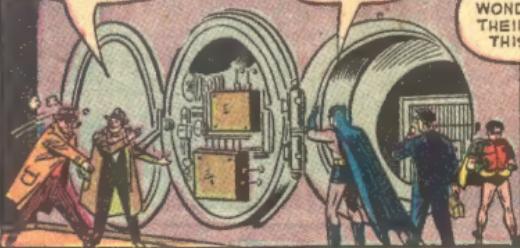
LATER, WHEN BATMAN AND ROBIN RECOVER AND SUMMON THE POLICE...

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS MISSING FROM THE VAULT! THE CROOKS DIDN'T EVEN USE NITRO TO BLOW IT OPEN!

AND THEY AVOIDED EVERYONE OF THE INTRICATE NETWORK OF BURGLAR ALARMS! THIS LOOKS LIKE ONE OF SAMMY SABRE'S JOBS!

BUT HOW COULD EVEN SAMMY SABRE PULL THIS JOB, WITHOUT INSIDE HELP? SOMEHOW, THE CROOKS KNEW ABOUT THE ALARM PATTERN AND THE SAFE COMBINATION! THAT INDICATES AN INSIDE ACCOMPLICE. HMM... I WONDER IF THAT TELLER IS THEIR "INSIDE" MAN... OR WAS THIS ROBBERY MERELY A COINCIDENCE?

HOW CAN BATMAN SUSPECT THE AMAZING TRUTH? HOW CAN HE KNOW THAT MARTIN DUFF, THE BANK PRESIDENT, IS HIMSELF WORKING FOR A CRIMINAL MASTERMIND? THAT BATMAN'S OWN MOST PRECIOUS SECRET IS ON DEPOSIT IN A... CRIME BANK?



LATER THAT NIGHT, MARTIN DUFF KEEPS A RENDEZVOUS WITH SAMMY SABRE AND HIS HENCHMEN...

OUR SCHEME WORKED WELL, EH, MARTIN? WE GOT TWO HUNDRED GRAND! AND IT'S ALL COVERED BY INSURANCE! BUT THE INSURANCE COMPANY DOESN'T KNOW THEY'LL BE PAYING US BACK MONEY THAT WAS STOLEN BY US! HA-HA!

DON'T GLOAT TOO SOON, SABRE! BATMAN IS SUSPICIOUS ALREADY!

AND WHEN MARTIN DUFF EXPLAINS...

HMM! BATMAN'S CLEVER! HE'LL BE WATCHING THE BANK CLOSELY FROM NOW ON! BUT, SAMMY SABRE IS TOO SMART FOR HIM! OUR NEXT JOB WON'T BE HERE AT ALL! WAIT TILL I SHOW YOU HOW I'LL MAKE THIS CRIME BANK PAY DIVIDENDS!

I'M WORRIED, SABRE! SOONER OR LATER, BATMAN IS GOING TO FIGURE OUT THAT I'M MIXED UP IN THIS!



IF THAT HAPPENS, MY WHOLE REPUTATION... EVERYTHING THAT I'VE BUILT IN THIS COMMUNITY... WILL BE SWEEP AWAY! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FRIGHTEN ME WITH YOUR THREATS THEN, SABRE! I'LL TELL BATMAN EVERYTHING I KNOW!

YOU'D TURN SQUEALER, MARTIN? MAYBE YOU FORGET WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WHO SQUEAL ON SAMMY SABRE!

GET THIS STRAIGHT, MARTIN! YOU'RE GOING ALONG WITH US... TO THE LAST STOP! YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY IF YOU TRY TO SELL ME OUT!

S-STOP IT, SABRE! YOU'RE CHOKE ME!

I-I DIDN'T MEAN I WOULD SQUEAL! I JUST WANTED YOU TO BE CAREFUL!

ALL MY JOBS ARE ALWAYS PLANNED TO THE LAST, TINY DETAIL, MARTIN! NOW, GET THIS! THERE'S A MOVIE COMPANY ON LOCATION JUST OUTSIDE TOWN! THEY'VE GOT A HEAVY PAYROLL THAT OUR BANK DELIVERS EVERY WEEK! IT'S A PERFECT SET-UP FOR OUR NEXT CAPER!

INSIDE THE BATCAVE, BATMAN AND ROBIN SPEND ANXIOUS HOURS SCRUTINIZING THEIR PRIVATE ROGUE'S GALLERY OF CRIMINALS...

KEEP LOOKING, ROBIN! IF THAT BANK TELLER HAS A CRIMINAL RECORD, WE MAY HAVE HIM LISTED SOMEPLACE!

I'VE LOOKED THROUGH THOUSANDS OF PHOTOS ALREADY! HE CAN'T HAVE SERVED TIME, BATMAN, OR... WAIT! HERE'S SOMETHING!

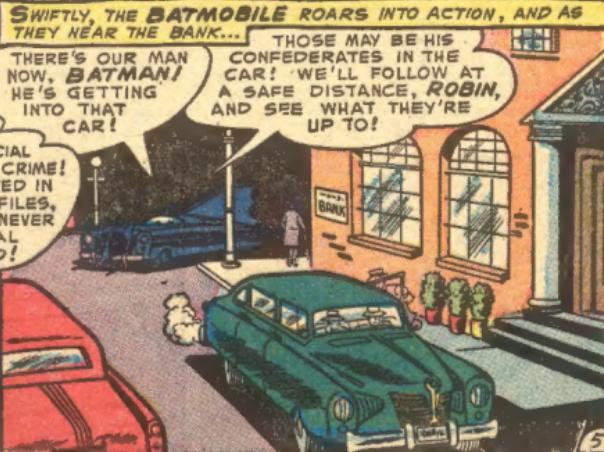


A NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPH OF A GOVERNMENT ENGRAVER, JAMES MAURY, WHO MYSTERIALLY DISAPPEARED A FEW YEARS AGO! HE'S NEVER BEEN FOUND! HE-HE LOOKS LIKE THAT BANK TELLER!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT'S WHY HE WAS NEVER FOUND, ROBIN! HE JOINED THE UNDERWORLD... TO USE HIS SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE IN CRIME! HE WASN'T LISTED IN OUR REGULAR FILES, BECAUSE HE'S NEVER HAD A CRIMINAL RECORD!

SWIFTLY, THE BATMOBILE ROARS INTO ACTION, AND AS THEY NEAR THE BANK...

THERE'S OUR MAN NOW, BATMAN! HE'S GETTING INTO THAT CAR! THOSE MAY BE HIS CONFEDERATES IN THE CAR! WE'LL FOLLOW AT A SAFE DISTANCE, ROBIN, AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!





DETECTIVE COMICS



BUT SAMMY SABRE REGAINS HIS FEET AND RACES INTO AN ADJOINING STUDIO, WHERE MINIATURE NAVAL SCENES ARE STAGED...

YOU MAY AS WELL STOP RACING AROUND THESE MOVIE SETS LIKE A HAM ACTOR! YOU'RE TRAPPED, SABRE!

LOOKS THAT WAY, DOESN'T IT, BATMAN?

SUDDENLY OVERTURNING THE HUGE TANK...

THERE'S AN OLD SAYING, BATMAN! NEVER COUNT YOUR SHIPS UNTIL THEY'RE LAUNCHED! HA-HA!

WHODOSH

AS THE TORRENTIAL FLOW SWEEPS BATMAN AND ROBIN OFF THEIR FEET...

ROBIN! HE'S BEEN HIT BY THAT MODEL OF THE STEAMSHIP TITANIC! IT KNOCKED HIM OUT!

STROKING SWIFTLY THROUGH CHURNING WATERS, BATMAN REACHES ROBIN JUST AS HE GOES UNDER...

I'VE GOT TO HOLD HIS HEAD ABOVE WATER UNTIL WE'RE OUT OF HERE!

UH...

MOMENTS LATER...

W-WHAT HAPPENED? MY HEAD...

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, YOU PLAYED STAND-IN FOR AN ICEBERG! THAT'S WHAT SANK THE ORIGINAL TITANIC... BUT THIS TIME THE TITANIC NEARLY SANK YOU!

ANYWAY, NOW WE'VE GOT PROOF THAT THE BANK TELLER IS JAMES MAURY... A MEMBER OF SAMMY SABRE'S GANG! WE'D BETTER WARN DUFF ABOUT THIS RIGHT AWAY!

I'M WORRIED ABOUT THAT DOCUMENT YOU LEFT IN THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT, BATMAN! IF A CROOK LIKE MAURY EVER LEARNED YOUR IDENTITY, IT WOULD BE DISASTROUS! AND IF ONE CROOK CAN GET A JOB IN DUFF'S BANK, THERE MAY BE OTHERS!



DETECTIVE COMICS



WHEN BATMAN AND ROBIN CALL ON MARTIN DUFF AT HIS HOME...

A TELLER WORKING IN MY BANK... A CROOK? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I'LL NOTIFY THE POLICE TO HAVE HIM ARRESTED AS SOON AS HE REPORTS TO WORK IN THE MORNING!

SAMMY SABRE ALSO PLANTED ONE OF HIS MEN AMONG THE HIGHER-UPS IN YOUR BANK! THE MOVIE PAYROLL ROBBERY WAS EVIDENCE OF THAT! IS THERE ANYONE IN PARTICULAR YOU SUSPECT?



ALL THE EXECUTIVES HAVE WORKED WITH ME FOR YEARS, **BATMAN!** I'LL PERSONALLY VOUCH FOR THEIR HONESTY! OH, BY THE WAY, WOULD YOU MIND MAILING THIS LETTER?

JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, MR. DUFF! IF YOU SPOT SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS, NOTIFY ME THROUGH COMMISSIONER GORDON!



AFTER BATMAN AND ROBIN LEAVE...

SMART THINKING, MARTIN DUFF! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT TRY TO TIP OFF **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** THAT I WAS HERE! IF YOU'D DONE THAT, YOU'D HAVE GOTTEN A BULLET IN THE BACK!

YOU DON'T TRUST ME, DO YOU, SABRE? WELL, I DON'T BLAME YOU! I WON'T GO ALONG WITH YOUR PLAN ANY FURTHER!



I KNOW YOU INTEND TO STRIP THE BANK OF ALL ITS ASSETS... ALL THE MONEY DEPOSITED BY THE TOWNSPEOPLE! BEFORE I LET YOU DO THAT TO MY FRIENDS, I'LL TELL THE POLICE THAT... UHHH!

CONSCIENCE STARTING TO HURT, MARTIN? YOU'D BE WILLING TO SACRIFICE YOURSELF TO RUIN MY SCHEME! WELL, YOU WON'T GET THE CHANCE!



SOON...

HA, THERE'S TWO MILLION DOLLARS WAITING FOR US IN THE VAULT NOW, THANKS TO YOUR CHUMP FRIENDS WHO THINK WE'RE RUNNING AN HONEST BANK! AND I'LL BET THE STUFF IN THE SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES IS WORTH EVEN MORE!

IT-IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST THEFT IN HISTORY! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LET MATTERS REACH THIS STAGE! I-I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THE POLICE!



EVEN AS SAMMY SABRE AND HIS MEN SPEED TOWARD THE BANK, **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** ARE AT A NEARBY MAILBOX...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, **BATMAN**? THAT'S THE LETTER MARTIN DUFF ASKED YOU TO MAIL!

IT'S ADDRESSED TO ME! AND THERE'S NOTHING INSIDE BUT THIS OLD WANTED PHOTO... OF A MAN NAMED JAMES HOLLINGER!



EXPERT FINGERS SKETCH IN ADDED LINES
ON THE FACE OF THE WANTED CRIMINAL...

BATMAN!
THAT—THAT'S A
PICTURE OF
MARTIN DUFF
HIMSELF!

MARTIN DUFF... ALIAS
JAMES HOLLINGER!
WANTED FOR PRISON
ESCAPE TWENTY YEARS
AGO, WHILE SERVING
A TERM FOR FORGERY!

WANTED!!!

MARTIN DUFF MEANT
TO LET US KNOW THAT HE'S
THE CRIMINAL WHO'S AIDING
SAMMY SABRE! FOR SOME
REASON HE COULDN'T TELL
US THE TRUTH WHILE
WE WERE THERE!

I CAN
GUESS THE
REASON!
SAMMY SABRE
COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN FAR
AWAY!

SOON, IN MARTIN DUFF'S ROOM...

SAMMY SABRE!
WHERE HAS HE
GONE,
MR. DUFF?

TO THE BANK,
BATMAN! HE
INTENDS TO CLEAN
IT OUT! EVERY
CENT OF THE
DEPOSITORS'
MONEY! YOU
MUST STOP
HIM!

SECONDS LATER, THE POWERFUL BATMOBILE
ROARS AWAY AT THUNDERING SPEED...

IT ISN'T ONLY THE MONEY I'M
WORRIED ABOUT, ROBIN!
SAMMY SABRE HAS MASTER KEYS
TO THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS!
HE'LL FIND MY MESSAGE TO
COMMISSIONER GORDON
CONTAINING THE SECRET
OF MY IDENTITY!

G-GOSH!
CAN'T
WE GO
ANY
FASTER?

RRRRRROAR

INSIDE THE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT ROOM...

ALMOST THE LAST
TRIP, SAMMY!
WE'VE MOVED
EVERYTHING
VALUABLE OUT
TO THE ARMORED
CAR!

I'LL FINISH EMPTYING
THE SAFE DEPOSIT
BOXES! I'VE REACHED
THE LETTER W ALREADY,
IN ALPHABETICAL
ORDER! SAY, HERE'S
A LETTER FROM
BATMAN TO POLICE
COMMISSIONER GORDON...
IN CARE OF PLAYBOY
BRUCE WAYNE!

AND SO THE ASTONISHED
EYES OF A MASTER CRIMINAL
READ A MESSAGE NOT MEANT
FOR HIM...



IS THIS
THE END OF
BATMAN'S
SECRET
IDENTITY...
AND HENCE
OF HIS
FABULOUS
CAREER
OF
CRIME-BUSTING?
IS HIS
SECRET
HOW ABOUT
TO BE
REVEALED
TO THE
WORLD?



BUT, AS A PUZZLED SAMMY SABRE SCANS THE MESSAGE...

HUH? THERE ISN'T ANY MORE TO IT! THE MESSAGE ENDS RIGHT THERE! IS THIS SOME PRACTICAL JOKE, OR...?

DESPERATELY, SAMMY SABRE TRIES TO BLUFF HIS WAY OUT OF HIS PREDICAMENT!

BATMAN AND ROBIN!

DON'T COME CLOSER, BATMAN! YOU MIGHT CAPTURE ME! BUT I'LL TELL THE WORLD WHO YOU REALLY ARE!

ULP! H-HE KNOWS MY SECRET!

AND BEFORE THE STARTLED CRIME-BUSTERS CAN REGAIN THEIR WITS...

KLAWG!

THE VAULT DOOR! IT'S SLAMMED SHUT!

HE LOCKED US IN...TO SUFOCATE!

THERE'S A TIME LOCK ON THE VAULT! EVEN IF WE ESCAPED, WE COULDN'T GO AFTER SAMMY SABRE! IT WOULD MEAN THE END OF YOUR CAREER!

WOULD IT? I'M NOT SO SURE! SAMMY SABRE DROPPED THIS ENVELOPE HERE! IT'S THE ENVELOPE THAT CONTAINED MY LETTER TO POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON!

SUDDENLY REVITALIZED, BATMAN STARTS EMPTYING OUT THE REST OF BRUCE WAYNE'S SAFE DEPOSIT BOX...

SAMMY SABRE MAY NOT KNOW AS MUCH AS I FEARED! AH! HERE'S WHAT I NEED! THE KEY TO THE CITY THAT THE MAYOR GAVE BRUCE WAYNE FOR HIS WORK IN CHARITIES!

HUH?

SMASHING ONE OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS IN THE CEILING, BATMAN RIPS OUT THE INSULATED WIRES...

YOU'RE MAKING AN ELECTROMAGNET!

RIGHT! A FEW TURNS OF THE WIRE AROUND THE METAL KEY! THEN WE CONNECT THE END OF THE WIRE TO THIS BATTERY FROM OUR BELT RADIO.. AND PRESTO! WE'VE GOT IT!

NOW ALL I NEED IS A BATTERY... AND I GUESS OUR BELT RADIO CAN SUPPLY THAT, EH ROBIN?

OH-OH! I GET IT, BATMAN!

THE TIME LOCK IS MAGNETICALLY CONTROLLED! BUT TURNING AN ELECTRO-MAGNET IN A COUNTER-CLOCKWISE DIRECTION, WE MAY BE ABLE TO FORCE BACK THE SETTING OF THE TIME LOCK!

WHEN THE SETTING REACHES THE HOUR IT IS NOW, THE VAULT DOOR WILL OPEN!

AT LAST, THE INTRICATE LOCK CLICKS INTO POSITION, AND THE MASSIVE STEEL DOOR SWINGS OPEN...

SAMMY SABRE AND HIS MEN HAVE A GOOD HEADSTART! THEY'RE PROBABLY HEADED TOWARD THE STATE LINE! LET'S HOPE THE BATMOBILE CAN CATCH UP!

THE BATMOBILE ROARS THROUGH THE NIGHT IN PURSUIT! AND THEN...

THERE THEY ARE, BATMAN! THEY'VE CROSSED TO THE OTHER SIDE! THEY'LL BE GONE BEFORE WE CAN REACH THE BRIDGE AHEAD!

THERE'S ANOTHER WAY ACROSS, ROBIN! SEE THAT MONORAIL?

SCREECHING TO A HALT BESIDE THE MONORAIL LINE, BATMAN AND ROBIN QUICKLY RIG UP AN EMERGENCY STEEL CABLE AND HOOK...

HERE WE GO! WE'RE TAKING A LONG CHANCE! WITH THE POWER OFF, IT'S A GOOD BET WE'LL BE STUCK MIDWAY!



SUSPENDED HIGH ABOVE THE MENACING GORGE BELOW, THE AMAZING BATMOBILE SLIDES ALONG THE NARROW SPAN OF THE MONORAIL TO THE MIDWAY POINT...

WE'RE SLOWING DOWN! WE'LL STOP SOON!

HANG ON TO YOUR HAT, ROBIN! I'M TURNING ON THE JETS FULL POWER!

JETS BLARE AND THE MIRACLE CAR FAIRLY LEAPS TO SAFETY ON THE FARTHER SIDE!

HOORAY! WE MADE IT, BATMAN!

NOW TO DISENGAGE THE CABLE AND HOOK, AND SET OUT AFTER SAMMY SABRE AGAIN!



PULSE-TINGLING MOMENTS LATER...

KARUNCH!

THE KNIFE-EDGED PROW OF THE BATMOBILE CUTS INTO THE ARMOR OF THE CROOKS' CAR LIKE A HOT KNIFE INTO BUTTER!

ONLY THE WHIRRING WHEELS OF THE OVERTURNED CAR SOUND A REQUIEM TO THE FINISH OF SAMMY SABRE, AND HIS GANG!

THEY'RE A BADLY BEATEN LOT, IF YOU ASK ME!

THEY STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM!

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

MARTIN DUFF CONFESSED EVERYTHING! HE'S GOING TO ACT AS STATE'S WITNESS IN THE TRAIL OF SAMMY SABRE, TOO! I THINK WE CAN PROMISE HIM A LENIENT SENTENCE!

FINE, COMMISSIONER GORDON! HE DESERVES A CHANCE TO RESUME AN HONEST, USEFUL LIFE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

AS SOON AS COMMISSIONER GORDON AND BATMAN ARE ALONE...

I SHOULD WARN YOU, BATMAN! SAMMY SABRE HAS BEEN THREATENING TO REVEAL YOUR IDENTITY, IF HE'S BROUGHT TO TRIAL! IS THERE ANY CHANCE THAT HE...

NONE, COMMISSIONER! YOU SEE, I WROTE DOWN THE SECRET AND GAVE IT TO BRUCE WAYNE FOR SAFEKEEPING! HE PUT IT INTO A SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT WHERE SAMMY SABRE GOT A LOOK AT IT!

THE LETTER WAS ADDRESSED TO YOU, COMMISSIONER!

HMMF! THIS ISN'T FINISHED! IT ENDS WITH THE WORDS... "SO IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT BATMAN'S IDENTITY..."

YOU KNOW OUR AGREEMENT, COMMISSIONER! THE IMPORTANT PART OF ANY MESSAGE I SEND TO YOU IS WRITTEN IN INVISIBLE INK... ON THE ENVELOPE! WHEN SAMMY SABRE TOSSED AWAY THIS CRUMPLED ENVELOPE AS USELESS, I KNEW THAT HE HADN'T LEARNED MY IDENTITY AFTER ALL!

NEXT TIME DON'T PUT IT IN WRITING, BATMAN... EVEN IN INVISIBLE INK!

The END

QUICK QUIZ

WHERE DID THE WOODEN INDIANS OUTSIDE OF TOBACCO SHOPS ORIGINATE?



IN ENGLAND! THE WOODEN INDIAN AS A TOBACCONIST'S SIGN WAS USED IN LONDON LONG BEFORE IT APPEARED IN AMERICA!

WHY IS SALT USED WITH ICE IN FREEZING ICE CREAM?



BECAUSE THE MIXTURE OF SALT AND ICE GIVES A COLDER TEMPERATURE THAN WITH ICE ALONE!

HOW DID WE GET THE WORD "ALPHABET"?



FROM "ALPHA" AND "BETA" THE FIRST TWO LETTERS OF THE GREEK ALPHABET! THE ENGLISH ALPHABET IS DERIVED FROM THE LATIN.... THE LATIN FROM THE ANCIENT GREEK!

WHICH IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST ACTIVE VOLCANO?



MAUNA LOA... IN THE ISLAND OF HAWAII! IT IS 13,615 FEET HIGH... WITH A CRATER $\frac{1}{2}$ MILE IN DIAMETER!

THIS IS REALLY SOMETHING!
150 SPECIAL QUALITY
STAMPS

FROM ALL OVER
THE WORLD!

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25¢

IN COIN...
A 3¢ STAMP
AND ONE

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WORTH MANY TIMES THE PRICE!
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ENJOY THE DOZENS AND DOZENS OF DELICIOUS SUGAR WAFER CANDIES IN THE BIG PACKAGE... STILL ONLY A NICKEL!



THE
ORIGINAL
SUGAR
WAFER
CANDY!

A DELICIOUS FLAVORS!

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AM ENCLOSING 25¢ IN COIN PLUS A 3¢ STAMP AND ONE (1) NECCO WAFER WRAPPER.

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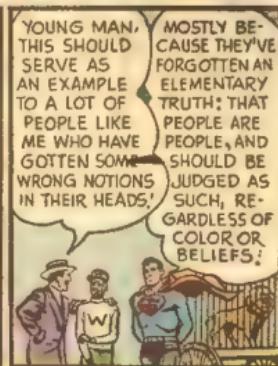
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

OFFER LIMITED TO THE U.S.A.

SUPERMAN

says:

"PEOPLE are PEOPLE!"



BROTHERHOOD WEEK IS BEING OBSERVED FEBRUARY 15-22... BUT THE IDEAS BEHIND IT SHOULD BE OBSERVED ALL YEAR.

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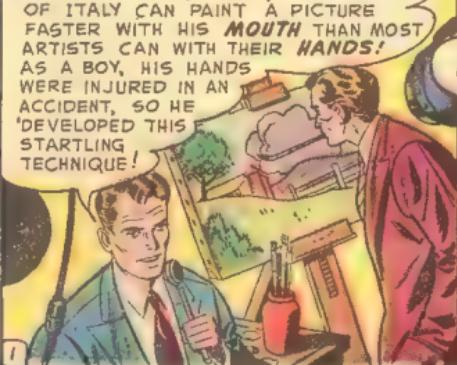
IMPOSSIBLE-BUT TRUE

GOOD GRIEF, ROY!
HE'S ALIVE... AFTER
BEING ENCASED ALL
THOSE YEARS IN THE
GLACIAL ICE MASS!



ONE EVENING, AS ROY RAYMOND CONDUCTS HIS FAMOUS TELEVISION ODDITY PROGRAM, "IMPOSSIBLE... BUT TRUE!..."

YES, FOLKS, MR. ROMERO OF ITALY CAN PAINT A PICTURE FASTER WITH HIS MOUTH THAN MOST ARTISTS CAN WITH THEIR HANDS! AS A BOY, HIS HANDS WERE INJURED IN AN ACCIDENT, SO HE DEVELOPED THIS STARTLING TECHNIQUE!



HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO INTERVIEW A FAMOUS MAN WHO LIVED, SAY... 200 YEARS AGO? THERE ARE UNDOUBTEDLY MANY QUESTIONS YOU WOULD LIKE TO ASK HIM... BUT IF YOU WERE ROY RAYMOND, MASTER OF CEREMONIES OF THE FAMOUS "IMPOSSIBLE... BUT TRUE" TELEVISION SHOW, ONE THOUGHT WOULD BE UPPERMOST IN YOUR MIND! WHAT IS THE SECRET BEHIND...

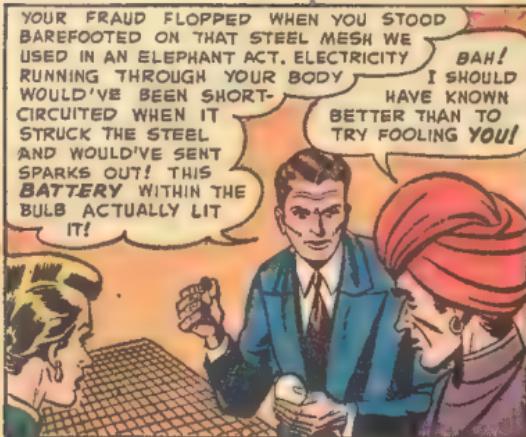
The MAN in ICE!

AND SOME DAYS LATER, AS ROY INTERVIEWS APPLICANTS FOR FUTURE BROADCASTS...

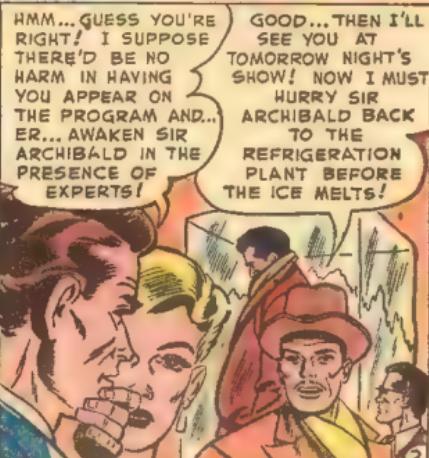
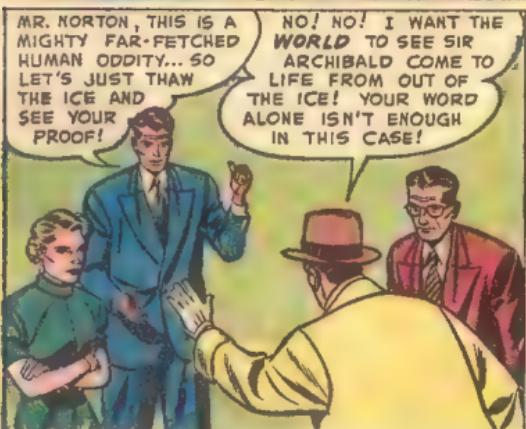
YOU SEE, MR. RAYMOND, IN INDIA I LEARNED SECRET ART OF GENERATING ELECTRICITY WITHIN MY OWN BODY! THUS DO THE LIGHT BULBS GLOW!

YOU CAN CUT OUT THE FAKE, "FAKIR"!





SHORTLY, AT THE REAR STUDIO ENTRANCE...



DETECTIVE COMICS

SO NEXT EVENING, JUST BEFORE THE SHOW BEGINS...

NORTON AND HIS ICE MAN HAVE JUST ARRIVED, ROY! THIS WAS A GREAT IDEA OF YOURS, SHOWING THE AUDIENCE FIRST-HAND HOW WE TEST OUR APPLICANTS!

YES, KAREN... IT'LL BE A TREAT FOR THEM, AND IT'LL ALSO PUT NORTON ON THE SPOT! AFTER ALL, IF HE WERE A PHONY, HE'D TRY TO AVOID APPEARING BEFORE A NATIONWIDE AUDIENCE!



USING HOT SEARING TORCHES, TWO MEN PROCEED TO MELT AWAY THE THICK ICE...

CAREFUL... CAREFUL! STOP THE TORCHES A FOOT FROM HIS BODY! WE'LL REMOVE THE REMAINDER BY HAND!



THIS OLD RECORD OF THE MOUNTAINEERS' CLUB STATES THAT SIR ARCHIBALD GIBBONS SUFFERED A BROKEN WRIST IN 1751, WHILE CLIMBING A SWISS PEAK! DOCTORS WILL NOW X-RAY THIS MAN'S WRIST, TO SEE IF IT'S EVER BEEN BROKEN!



MINUTES LATER, AS "IMPOSSIBLE... BUT TRUE!" GOES ON THE AIR...

AT THIS TIME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE GOING TO WITNESS THE ACTUAL TESTING OF AN APPLICANT! WE OURSELVES DON'T KNOW YET WHETHER OR NOT HE'S PULLING A HOAX! AND SO... ON WITH THE MAN IN ICE!



AND AS THE LAST BIT OF ICE IS CHIPPED AWAY...

WHAT... HAS HAPPENED...?

I KNEW IT!
I KNEW IT!

HE'S ALIVE! HIS MIND AND BODY ARE PERFECTLY PRESERVED!
QUICK... PUT THIS ROBE ON HIM... HE'S GOT TO KEEP WARM!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW FOR THE FIRST TEST!



AND WHEN THE DOCTORS HAVE CHECKED THE X-RAY...

THE PICTURE DEFINITELY SHOWS THAT THIS MAN'S WRIST HAS AT ONE TIME BEEN BROKEN AND MENDED TOGETHER AGAIN! WHAT...?

GREAT SCOTT!





DETECTIVE COMICS



THEN, AS THE EXAMINATION CONTINUES...

HIS HANDS AND FEET
ARE QUITE CHILLED...
BUT OTHERWISE,
HE'S IN FAIR
CONDITION!

ROY! THAT PAINTING
YOU GOT FROM THE
MOUNTAINEERS' CLUB...
IT DOES RESEMBLE
HIM CLOSELY!

YES...

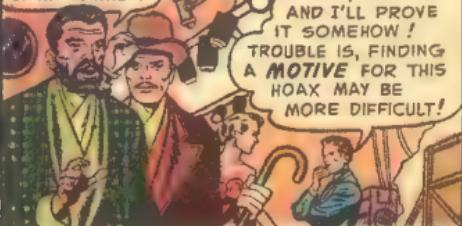


THUS THE FAMED FACT-FINDER IS TEMPORARILY
STYMIED... AND WHEN THE SHOW
ENDS...

JUST THINK... I'M
ALIVE TO SEE
FUTURE GENERATIONS
OF MY FAMILY!

D-DO YOU THINK IT'S
POSSIBLE, ROY?

ABSOLUTELY
NOT, KAREN...
AND I'LL PROVE
IT SOMEHOW!
TROUBLE IS, FINDING
A **MOTIVE** FOR THIS
HOAX MAY BE
MORE DIFFICULT!



AND AFTERWARD, AT THE HOME OF SIR
ARCHIBALD'S RELATIVES, THE WEALTHY
GIBBONS FAMILY...

MR. RAYMOND...
WE'RE SO HAPPY!
SIR ARCHIBALD IS
ONE OF THE FAMILY
ALREADY!

MRS. GIBBONS, THIS
IS MR. CARTER OF
THE **MOUNTAINEERS'**
CLUB! I'VE BROUGHT
HIM TO EXAMINE... ER...

SIR ARCHIBALD'S EQUIP-
MENT... JUST TO... UH...
MAKE SURE!



...BUT THERE ARE NO
ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS
OF GIBBONS! SIR
ARCHIBALD... I'D LIKE
YOUR SIGNATURE, TO
COMPARE WITH THE
ONE IN THAT RECORD
BOOK!

8-BUT MY
FINGERS...

THAT'S
RIGHT... HIS
FINGERS WILL BE
USELESS FOR
SEVERAL DAYS!
QUITE CHILLED,
YOU KNOW!



ROY BEGINS HIS INVESTIGATION THE FOLLOWING
MORNING, IN THE CITY'S BIGGEST
ICE COMPANY...

SURE, MR. RAYMOND...
THIS CARBON DIOXIDE
TREATMENT WOULD
WORK OUT JUST AS
YOU EXPECTED!

THANK YOU... THAT'S
THE INFORMATION I
WAS AFTER!



BUT WHEN THE **MOUNTAINEERS' CLUB**
EXPERT EXAMINES THE EQUIPMENT...

I'M AFRAID IT'S ALL
GENUINE, MR. RAYMOND!
THIS CLIMBING ROPE WAS
THE KIND USED ONLY DURING
THE 18TH CENTURY... AND
THOSE BOOTS HAVEN'T
BEEN USED FOR AT
LEAST 100 YEARS!

—GULP— AND— AND
YOU SAY THE
TRADEMARK
ON THE ICE
AXE PROVES
IT WAS MADE IN
THE YEAR 1752!
I—I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO THINK
NOW!



DETECTIVE COMICS



LATER, AS ROY WEIGHS THE SITUATION...

SIR ARCHIBALD'S CASE JUST CAN'T BE TRUE! THAT EQUIPMENT COULD HAVE ALL BEEN PURCHASED FROM ANTIQUE DEALERS... AND I'VE OTHER REASONS FOR SUSPECTING HIM! KAREN, GET SIR ARCHIBALD ON THE PHONE... I'M GOING TO TAKE HIM ON A LITTLE TOUR AROUND TOWN, AND REALLY EXPOSE HIM!



WHAT IS ROY'S PLAN? THAT AFTERNOON, AS HE SHOWS SIR ARCHIBALD THE SIGHTS...



AND IN A LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE...



BUT AS THE TOUR OF THE CITY CONTINUES...



AT THE NEXT CORNER, ROY MAKES A HURRIED PHONE CALL... AND THEN...

SIR ARCHIBALD... I'VE JUST HAD WORD FROM BOSTON! THE CLIMBERS' CLUB THERE HAS JUST RECEIVED CURIOUS RELICS FOUND FROZEN NEAR THE MATTERHORN! AND THEY WANT YOU TO IDENTIFY THEM!

WHAT... OH... ER... ALL RIGHT, MR. RAYMOND!

I'LL WAIT FOR YOU TO PACK

AND SEE YOU TO THE TRAIN!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE PAIR REACHES THE TRAIN STATION...

YOU SAY THEY'RE ANXIOUS FOR ANY INFORMATION I CAN GIVE THEM?

EXACTLY! HERE... CHECK THIS SCHEDULE WHILE I PHONE MY STUDIO AGAIN! YOU MUSTN'T MISS THIS NEXT TRAIN!

TRAIN LEAVES DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME



AND AS THE FACT-FINDER RETURNS FROM THE PHONE BOOTH... ACCORDING TO THIS TIME-TABLE, MR. RAYMOND, I MUST LEAVE YOU AT ONCE! I'VE ONLY SEVEN MINUTES TO CATCH THE BOSTON TRAIN!

DOES IT! YOU'RE A FRAUD, WHOEVER YOU REALLY ARE!



DETECTIVE COMICS



...AND YOU TRAPPED YOURSELF! OUT-OF-TOWN TRAIN SCHEDULES ARE ON **STANDARD** TIME...AN HOUR EARLIER...BUT YOU AUTOMATICALLY TOOK INTO ACCOUNT **DAYLIGHT SAVINGS** TIME! NO PERSON FROM THE PAST WOULD HAVE KNOWLEDGE OF THIS!

ROY! THE POLICE HAVE ALREADY PICKED UP NORTON, AS YOU TOLD THEM TO DO!



LATER, WHEN THE TWO FRAUDS HAVE CONFESSED...

SO STOPPING YOU AT THE TRAFFIC LIGHT TIPPED HIS HAND, BECAUSE YOU KNEW ONLY A **MODERN** MAN WOULD RECOGNIZE TRAFFIC LIGHTS!

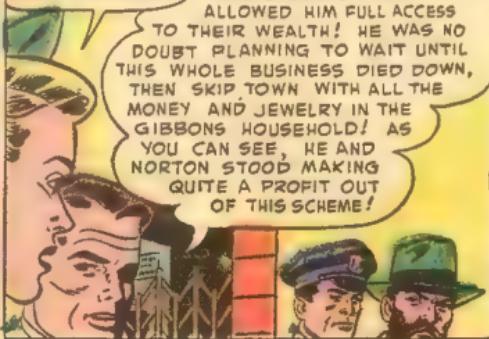
RIGHT...THOUGH I FIRST SUSPECTED HIM WHEN I SAW **NICOTINE STAINS** ON HIS FINGERS AS I ASKED FOR HIS SIGNATURE LAST NIGHT! ONLY A PRESENT-DAY CIGARETTE SMOKER WOULD HAVE SUCH STAINS! SO I PAID A VISIT TO THE ICE COMPANY!



6

AND NOW...WHAT ABOUT THE MOTIVE YOU MENTIONED OVER THE PHONE?

SIMPLE, KAREN! BELIEVING "ARCHIBALD" WAS THEIR GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER, THE GIBBONS FAMILY ALLOWED HIM FULL ACCESS TO THEIR WEALTH! HE WAS NO DOUBT PLANNING TO WAIT UNTIL THIS WHOLE BUSINESS DIED DOWN, THEN SKIP TOWN WITH ALL THE MONEY AND JEWELRY IN THE GIBBONS HOUSEHOLD! AS YOU CAN SEE, HE AND NORTON STOOD MAKING QUITE A PROFIT OUT OF THIS SCHEME!



...AND LEARNED THAT TWO HALVES OF HOLLOWED-OUT ICE CAKES COULD BE "WELDED" TOGETHER BY A SPRAY OF **CARBON DIOXIDE**, WHICH WOULD FREEZE AND COVER THE SEPARATION! HE USED THIS TINY OXYGEN MASK FOR AIR AND THIS SKIN-TIGHT RUBBER SUIT FOR WARMTH!

GOSH! AND HE DELIBERATELY BROKE HIS WRIST TO AID HIS FRAUD! WAIT TILL THE PUBLIC HEARS ABOUT THIS!



THE END

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GOSH, THEY STOPPED PUD ON THE GOAL LINE AGAIN! THAT MAKES IT FOURTH DOWN WITH ONLY SECONDS TO PLAY

- AND WE NEED A TOUCHDOWN TO WIN!

THIS IS OUR LAST CHANCE TO SCORE

GIVE ME THE BALL AGAIN. I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

SIGNALS... 49-73-62...

WHEE! PUD WINS THE GAME!

HE JUMPED RIGHT OVER THE LINE!

FLEER'S DUBLE BUBLE BUBLE GUM MADE HIM LIGHTER!

I'D HIT ANY LINE FOR A PIECE OF DUBLE BUBLE GUM!

-THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S REAL BUBLE GUM!

-WITH THAT SECRET SWEET TASTE THAT LASTS A LONG, LONG TIME-

-AND IT HAS FUNNIES, FACTS AND FORTUNES TOO!

HAVE FUN WITH GUM!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP.

PHILA. 41, PA.

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BE SURE TO GET THE LATEST ISSUE OF THE ADVENTURES OF Dean MARTIN and Jerry LEWIS TODAY!





CASEY THE COP

HENRY
BOLTMAN



ROBOTMAN

AT LAST, I
HAVE THE GREATEST
SUIT OF ARMOR
IN THE WORLD...
ROBOTMAN
HIMSELF...

ANYTHING THAT CAME IN CHAINMAIL
OR PLATE WAS FAIR GAME FOR
RANDOLPH STRANGE. HIS
COLLECTION OF ARMOR WAS
THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD...
AND WHEN HE SET OUT TO ADD
ROBOTMAN TO THAT
COLLECTION, THE MAN OF METAL
FOUND HIMSELF A PRIME TARGET
FOR...

THE CRIME COLLECTOR



AS PAUL DENNIS, SECRETLY ROBOTMAN, ATTENDS
AN AUCTION ONE DAY...

I BID \$100
FOR THAT
SUIT OF
ARMOR!

I'LL RAISE IT
TO \$500!

SOLD! TO
MR. RANDOLPH
STRANGE...
FOR \$500!

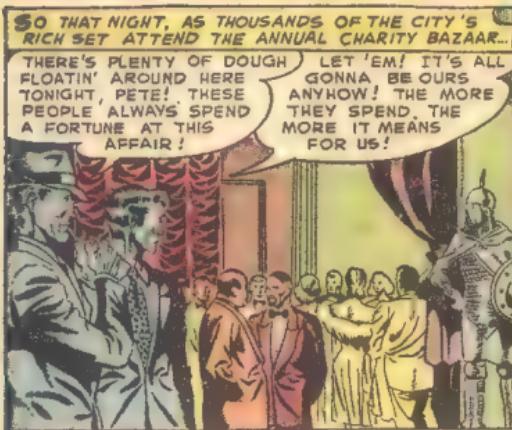
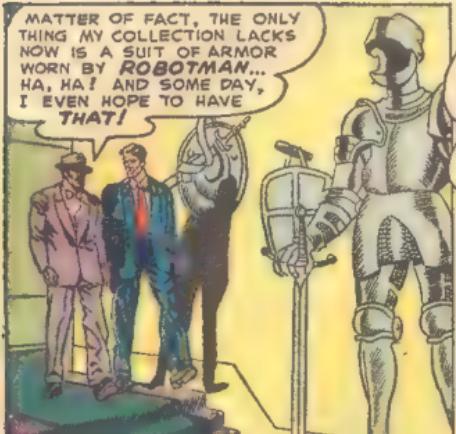
AFTERWARD...

HOPE YOU'RE NOT ANGRY,
DENNIS! I SIMPLY HAD
TO HAVE THIS PIECE...
IT COMPLETES MY
16TH CENTURY
COLLECTION!

I UNDERSTAND,
STRANGE... NO
HARD FEELINGS!



DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



NOR IS THIS THE ONLY CRIME INVOLVING RANDOLPH STRANGE'S ARMOR COLLECTION! TWO NIGHTS LATER, WHEN THEY ORNAMENT THE PREMIERE OF A NEW HISTORICAL MOVIE...



NEXT MORNING, AS PAUL DENNIS READS OF THE DARING ROBBERIES...

HMM... ONE FACTOR WAS THE SAME IN BOTH THOSE HOLDUPS... AND I'M SURPRISED THE POLICE DIDN'T NOTICE IT! THE WHOLE THING LOOKS PRETTY OBVIOUS TO ME!



SHEDDING THE PLASTIC COVERING THAT DISGUISES HIM AS AN ORDINARY HUMAN, PAUL ASSUMES HIS SECRET IDENTITY OF ROBOTMAN, THE METAL MARVEL WITH THE HUMAN BRAIN!

IF I JUST WAIT FOR THOSE CROOKS TO STRIKE AGAIN, I'LL CATCH THEM RED-HANDED!



AND ROBOTMAN DOESN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT... FOR THAT VERY SAME EVENING...

I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DID IT, ROBOTMAN, BUT THE ROBBERS GOT AWAY WITH ALL THE RECEIPTS OF THIS LECTURE ON ANCIENT ARMOR!

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO FIGURE OUT, COMMISSIONER... I'LL HAVE THOSE MEN IN A JIFFY!



YOU SEE, IN EVERY ROBBERY, THOSE SUITS OF ARMOR WERE ON DISPLAY! THE CRIMINALS SIMPLY LED THE POLICE ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE... DARTING AMONG THE METAL FIGURES... THEN HID INSIDE THEM! WHEN THE HEAT COOLED OFF, THEY WALKED HOME UNDISTURBED!



BUT WHEN ROBOTMAN ATTEMPTS TO PROVE HIS POINT...

COME ON OUT, YOU! I'LL... I'LL... WHY, IT'S EMPTY!



B-BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF THEY DON'T USE THESE ARMORED FIGURES TO HIDE IN... HOW ELSE CAN THEY HELP THEM?

I... I DON'T KNOW! NOW I'M REALLY STUMPED!



ALL NIGHT LONG, THE PERTURBED MAN OF METAL PACES HIS LABORATORY FLOOR...

THOSE CROOKS HAVE TO USE THAT ARMOR IN **SOME** MANNER! IT'S NO COINCIDENCE THAT THEY ONLY ROB PLACES WHERE IT'S ON DISPLAY! HMM... RANDOLPH STRANGE WANTS TO ADD **ROBOTMAN** TO HIS COLLECTION, DOES HE? WELL... HE WILL!

THESE HOLLOW ROBOT BODIES WHICH I USE AS DECOYS... I'LL BRING ONE OF THEM TO THE ART GALLERY, AND AUCTION IT OFF! STRANGE IS SURE TO PURCHASE IT... AND IS HE IN FOR A SURPRISE!



THUS, AS ANOTHER AUCTION TAKES PLACE THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON...

\$10,000... AND I WON'T STOP BIDDING UNTIL THAT **ROBOTMAN** BODY IS MINE! I **MUST** HAVE IT FOR MY COLLECTION!

SOLD! TO RANDOLPH STRANGE!

SO FAR, SO GOOD, COMMISSIONER!

BUT IN THE LONG CORRIDORS OF THE STRANGE MANSION, SOME HOURS LATER...

HEY, BOSS... WHY'D YOU HAVE TO BUY THAT THING? IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS! I HAD TO DO IT, BECAUSE I OVERHEARD A CONVERSATION BETWEEN **ROBOTMAN** AND THE COMMISSIONER! THEY SEEM TO THINK THEY'RE SETTING A TRAP FOR ME!



ROBOTMAN IS AWARE THAT AT EVERY ROBBERY WE PULL, MY ARMOR IS ON DISPLAY! WHAT HE DOESN'T KNOW IS JUST **HOW** THAT ARMOR HELPS US... SO HE HAS THIS DUPLICATE OFFERED FOR SALE, KNOWING I WANT IT FOR MY COLLECTION!



TONIGHT, IN ORDER TO LEARN OUR SECRET, HE PLANS TO COME HERE HIMSELF AND TAKE THE PLACE OF THAT ROBOT SHELL... BUT I'M PREPARED FOR HIM!

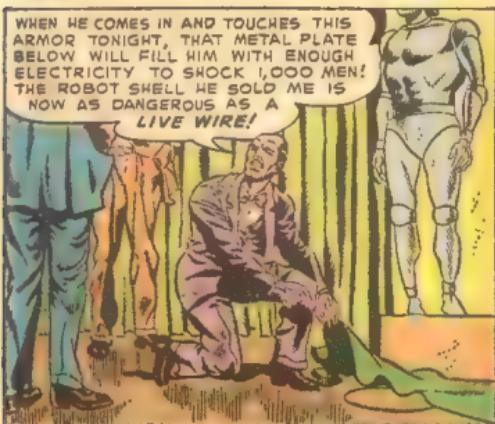


DETECTIVE COMICS



WHEN HE COMES IN AND TOUCHES THIS ARMOR TONIGHT, THAT METAL PLATE BELOW WILL FILL HIM WITH ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO SHOCK 1,000 MEN! THE ROBOT SHELL HE SOLD ME IS NOW AS DANGEROUS AS A

LIVE WIRE!

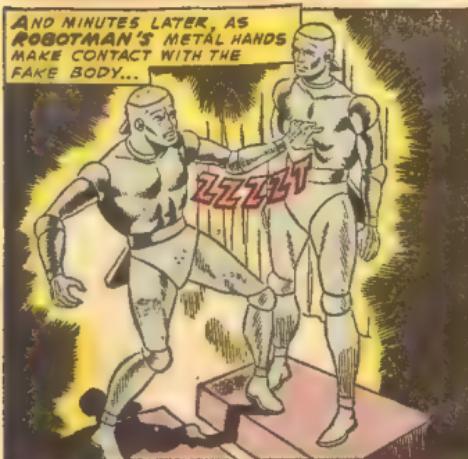


PRESENTLY, AS DARKNESS BLANKETS THE CITY...

NO ONE'S HOME NOW... I'LL JUST TAKE THAT ROBOT SHELL AWAY AND PLANT MYSELF IN ITS PLACE!



AND MINUTES LATER, AS ROBOTMAN'S METAL HANDS MAKE CONTACT WITH THE FAKE BODY...



AFTERWARD...

I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IS HE REALLY DEAD?

NO, HE'S ALIVE... BECAUSE HIS BRAIN IS SUSPENDED IN A PROTECTIVE SOLUTION... BUT HIS BODY IS SHORT-CIRCUITED INTO HELPLESSNESS. HE'S ACTUALLY A LIVING STATUE!



IN FACT, ALL HIS SENSES ARE STILL PERFECTLY INTACT! YOU CAME HERE TO LEARN THE SECRET OF OUR SUCCESS, EH, ROBOTMAN? THERE'S NO HARM IN TELLING YOU NOW! LISTEN... AND WATCH CLOSELY...



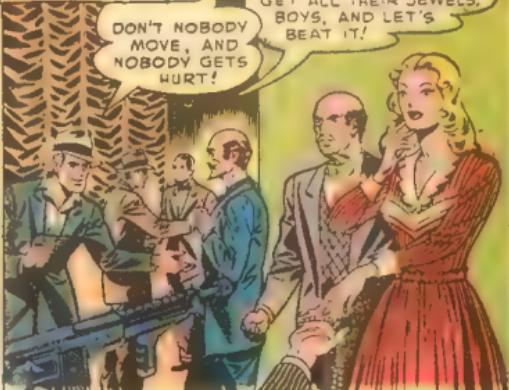
WHEN THE POLICE SEE MY BOYS ROBBING, THEY CHASE THEM AND FIRE AT THEM! BUT MY MEN RUN BETWEEN THE ARMORED FIGURES... IN WHICH I HAVE PLANTED POWERFUL ELECTRO-MAGNETS! THOSE MAGNETS PULL THE BULLETS TO ONE SIDE, DEFLECTING THEM!



THUS... WITHOUT FEAR OF BULLETS HITT NG THEM... THEY CAN EASILY MAKE THEIR GETAWAY, AS THEY'LL PROVE TONIGHT AT THE **HISTORICAL SOCIETY EXPOSITION!**



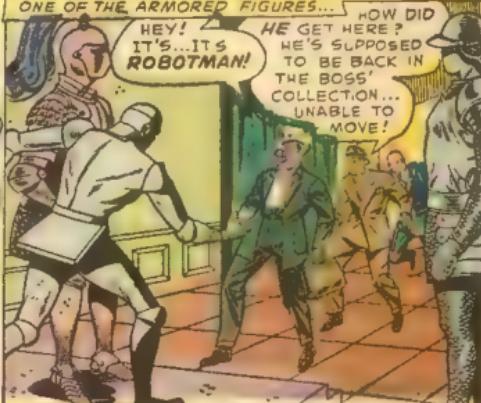
THAT NIGHT, AS SOCIETY DESCENDS ON THE ANNUAL HISTORICAL SHOW...



AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE...



BUT SUDDENLY, AN UNEXPECTED MOVEMENT BY ONE OF THE ARMORED FIGURES...



I WOULD BE BACK IN THAT ARMOR COLLECTION... IF I HADN'T NOTICED **DEAD FLIES** ON THE ELECTROLIZED DUPLICATE BODY THAT RANDOLPH STRANGE SET UP IN HIS COLLECTION! THOSE FLIES WARNED ME THAT TOUCHING THAT HOLLOW ARMOR SHELL' WOULD BE LIKE TOUCHING A LIVE WIRE.

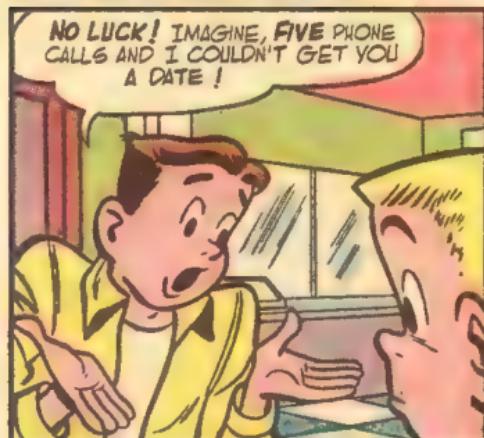
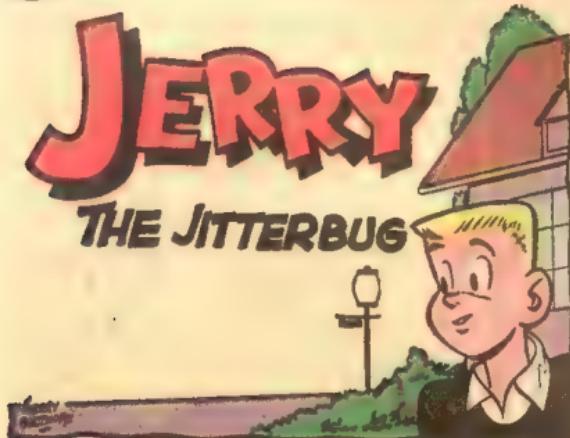


...SO I MADE A FEW ADJUSTMENTS IN MY BODY WHICH RESULTED IN NOTHING MORE THAN A BIG SPARK WHEN I TOUCHED THE PHONY FIGURE! THEN I SIMPLY PLAYED 'POSSUM AND LET STRANGE HIMSELF EXPLAIN HOW YOU BOYS OPERATE! HE'S ALREADY IN JAIL... AND THAT'S JUST WHERE YOU'RE GOING NOW!

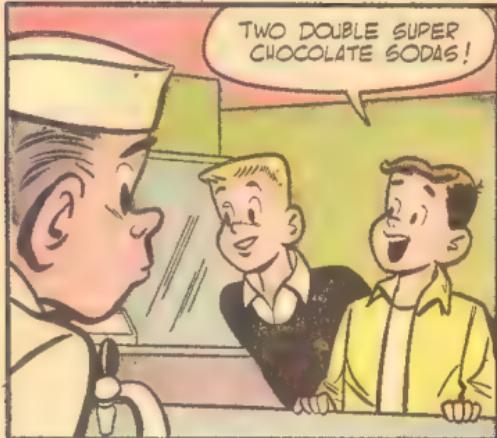




JERRY THE JITTERBUG



DETECTIVE COMICS





EXTINGUISHING THE FIREBUGS

Some of the Most Brilliant Detective Work
Is Accomplished by that Unsung Sleuth,
The Fire Marshal

IN fiction, the wily detective is invariably pictured as a plainclothesman from Homicide, or a deadpan sleuth on the racket squad. Sometimes, he appears as a bright young man from the Treasury Department, and at other times a special investigator from the District Attorney's office.

But rarely, if ever, does anyone come across a detective wearing the natty uniform of a Fire Marshal. Yet, the fact is, some of the most brilliant detecting in America is being accomplished by these unsung sleuths from the fire departments.

The Fire Marshal, if anything, has a tougher job on his hands than his prototype in the police department. True enough, both try to catch criminals BEFORE the crime has been committed, rather than AFTER! But the Fire Marshal has the tougher nut to crack.

Police officials are agreed that no other type of criminal is as hard to catch as the professional firebug. The gunman who hires himself out as a professional killer for a mob has to be pretty close to his victim. Not so the firebug who burns down buildings for a living.

A firebug can ignite a piece of slow-burning Chinese punk, pour a small amount of gunpowder at its base, and be 100 miles away when the fire breaks out.

Or, consider the case of a firebug who went

to work on the wiring of the doorbell in the building he was paid to burn down. After completing his work on the wiring, he walked six blocks to a bus stop.

Calmly, with no fear of capture, he took a bus to the next town. There was no hurry. He wasn't fleeing from a blazing fire. There was no accusing redness in the dark sky.

Alighting from the bus at a busy intersection, he strolled into a corner drugstore, and entered the phone booth.

"Western Union, please!" he asked the operator. And when he was connected, he ordered a telegram to be sent to the house he had just "fixed." He dropped the requested coins into the phone box, and jotted down the correct amount on his expense account. That was that.

Fifteen minutes later, a messenger hurried up the steps of the house in point. gingerly, he pressed the doorbell. There was a loud report, a bright flash—and minutes later the house was a mass of flames!

When you read about the devilishly cunning ways firebugs use to cover up their tracks, you wonder how any of them are ever caught. Yet, you would be amazed at the small number who actually get away with it.

For the Fire Marshal is a first-class detective, and if the fire department ever goes out of business, he can always get a good job with

the police department. For that matter, the Fire Marshal, whose brilliant detective work can expose the identity of the criminal, never makes the actual arrest himself. He always calls in a policeman to snap the bracelets on the firebug.

For an illustration of the detective work of a Fire Marshal, let us open the records of a recent case.

There had been a series of fires in some racehorse stables not so long ago. Arson was suspected, but real proof was lacking.

The Fire Marshal knew he had a particularly tough one this time when he sat down opposite Lieut. Det. Swanson of the detective bureau.

"The big trouble is," said Swanson, "that by the time we get there, the whole stable is nothing but a heap of ashes. All that straw and hay and wooden stables burn fast!"

"Mm," grunted the Fire Marshal. "I know just what you mean. In the average fire, we can usually find some traces of arson left on the concrete floor that didn't burn."

The two men talked some more, and then the Fire Marshal rose. "This case has got to be tackled in a round-about manner. I'll see what I can do!" With that, he left, and Swanson felt better. He knew from experience that the investigation was in good hands.

When the Fire Marshal had said he was going to conduct the investigation in a round-about manner, he meant just that. Instead of visiting the scenes of the various fires, he set about visiting the various horse dealers in the area.

And before long he had compiled a list of racehorse owners who had made purchases of old, decrepit horses. The list tallied perfectly with the stables which had recently been burned down.

He now knew all he needed to know. He was ready to spring his trap.

Borrowing a detective from the police de-

partment, he went out to a stable which was on his list as having recently acquired a number of old horses, but which had not yet suffered a fire.

There, the Fire Marshal found what he was seeking. A perfectly laid fire, ready to burst into a roaring blaze at the strike of a single match.

The straw was saturated with kerosene. Even the blankets covering the tired old horses were dripping with the inflammable liquid.

"I want every so-called human being connected with this stable behind bars," was the simple way the Fire Marshal put it to the police detective.

Later, the Fire Marshal explained his reasoning to Swanson.

"First of all, I asked myself this question: 'Why should the owner of a racing stable deliberately set out to destroy good horse flesh?' No man, except a pyromaniac, sets fire to anything just to see the blaze! He does it to make a fast dollar.

"Therefore, I figured, a man in need of money bad enough to burn down his stables isn't going to destroy good race horses that could earn him money in the future under new names! Why should he? After all, one burned horse looks just like any other!

"So what I did," concluded the Fire Marshal, "was to find out if any of these race horse owners recently bought up old or lame or blind horses for a few dollars apiece! And when I discovered that they did, I knew the answer. Their race horses were insured for hundreds and thousands of dollars. In the dead of night, they'd walk their valuable race horses out, cart them off, replace them with substitutes, set fire to the place, and collect on the deaths of their race horses!"

Which should give you an idea why so few firebugs stay in business for very long!

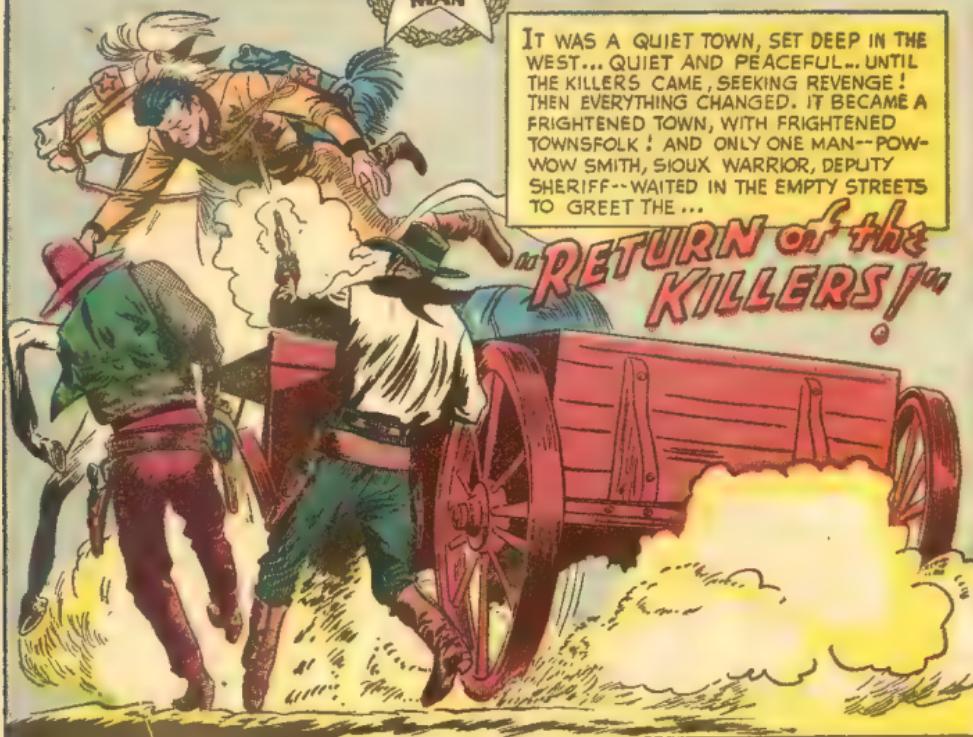
—John Marlowe

POW-WOW SMITH



IT WAS A QUIET TOWN, SET DEEP IN THE WEST... QUIET AND PEACEFUL.. UNTIL THE KILLERS CAME, SEEKING REVENGE! THEN EVERYTHING CHANGED. IT BECAME A FRIGHTENED TOWN, WITH FRIGHTENED TOWNSFOLK! AND ONLY ONE MAN--POW-WOW SMITH, SIOUX WARRIOR, DEPUTY SHERIFF--WAITED IN THE EMPTY STREETS TO GREET THE ...

**"RETURN of the
KILLERS!"**

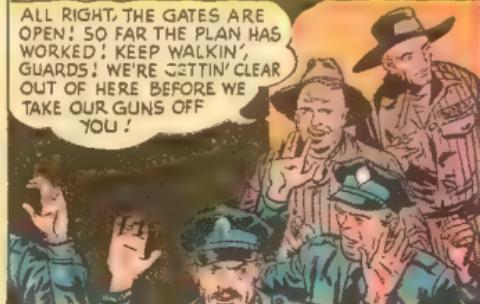


WEST TOWN HAS A POPULATION OF 3,000 PEOPLE. IT IS LOCATED BY A RIVER... AND IT HAS BEEN A QUIET TOWN... UP TO NOW...



BUT ON THIS DAY, ONE THOUSAND MILES AWAY, IN A GREAT PRISON, TWO MEN HOLD GUNS AT THE BACKS OF FIVE PRISON GUARDS...

ALL RIGHT, THE GATES ARE OPEN! SO FAR THE PLAN HAS WORKED! KEEP WALKIN', GUARDS! WE'RE GETTIN' CLEAR OUT OF HERE BEFORE WE TAKE OUR GUNS OFF YOU!





DETECTIVE COMICS



AN HOUR LATER, THE TWO PRISONERS ARE FREE--AND THEY RIDE SWIFTLY THROUGH THE HILLS...

WE'LL CHANGE CLOTHES! THEN WE GO TO WEST TOWN AN' GET THE ONES WHO SENT US UP TO PRISON... THEM WITNESSES... AN' THAT INJUN SHERIFF... POW-WOW SMITH, THEY CALL HIM!



THE NEXT MORNING...



AND IN WEST TOWN...

DIDJA SEE THE PAPERS? THE BENTON BOYS ARE LOOSE! THAT MEANS TROUBLE FOR US.



THIS TOWN AIN'T GONNA BE A HEALTHY PLACE, NOW THAT THE BENTONS ARE LOOSE!

'SPECIALLY FOR THEM THAT SERVED AS WITNESSES AGAINST 'EM!

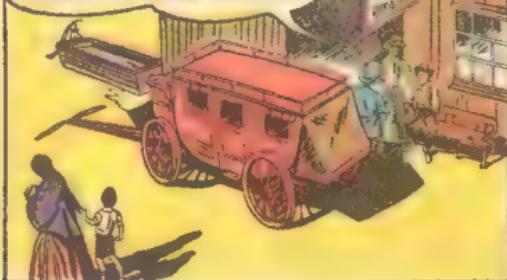
REPAIR SHOP



I WAS A WITNESS! SO DON'T RIGHTLY KNOW, JACK! I'D PUT SOME MILES BETWEEN ME AN' THE BENTONS, IF I WAS YOU OR LUKE OR TOM!



I'D ESPECIALLY MOVE SINCE WE AIN'T GONNA HAVE MUCH HELP FROM THE LAW. THE SHERIFF AN' A POSSE'S OUT O' TOWN, IN ANOTHER PART O' THE COUNTRY, ROUNDIN' UP BANK ROBBERS.



THAT LEAVES ONLY THE INJUN DEPUTY, POW-WOW SMITH! BUT HE WON'T BE AROUND--SINCE HE'S THE ONE WHO CAUGHT THE BENTONS AN' SENT 'EM TO JAIL!

I'LL BE A HORNED TOAD! LOOK WHO'S COMIN'!

SHOP





DETECTIVE COMICS



IT'S POW-WOW! AND HE DID COME INTO TOWN! I KNEW IT! THAT THERE LAD AIN'T AFRAID OF THE BENTONS OR ANYBODY ELSE!

THERE'S GONNA BE TROUBLE! I KNOW IT! WHEN THEM BENTONS MEET UP WITH POW-WOW--THIS PLACE IS GONNA CRACKLE!

AS MOST OF YOU FOLKS KNOW, SHERIFF MULLOY AND HIS POSSE ARE OUT OF TOWN! MOST OF YOU KNOW, TOO, THAT THE BENTON BOYS--COLD-BLOODED KILLERS--ARE RETURNING HERE TODAY...

...WEST TOWN HAS BEEN A PEACEFUL TOWN, AND I AIM TO KEEP IT THAT WAY. I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY GUNMEN THE BENTONS WILL BRING WITH THEM, BUT WITH A FEW VOLUNTEERS, I CAN TURN THEM BACK TO PRISON...

NO ANSWER! ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO IT ALONE.

I HEARD YUH AST 'IM, SO WILL I! I C'N HANDLE A GUN PRETTY GOOD:

THANKS--THANKS A LOT! IF I NEED YOU, I'LL CERTAINLY CALL ON YOU!

1000⁰⁰
REWARD

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

ABRUPTLY, A RIDER RACES ALONG WEST TOWN'S MAIN STREET...

OLD PROSPECTOR HIGGINS! AIN'T SEEN HIM RIDE THAT HARD FOR QUITE A SPELL! WONDER WHAT'S UP?

THE BENTONS ARE COMIN'!! I SEE 'EM DOWN THE ROAD APIECE--'BOUT FIVE MILES! THEY'RE COMIN' INTO WEST TOWN!

DETECTIVE COMICS



**THE BENTONS
ARE COMING!**
THERE'S GONNA
BE TROUBLE!
I'M KEEPIN' OFF
THE STREETS!

ME, TOO! I'M
LOCKIN' MYSELF
IN--AN' I'M
STAYIN' THERE!

AND WITHIN BRIEF MOMENTS, ONE MAN STANDS
ALONE IN THE STREETS OF THE QUIET TOWN...

A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, TWO RIDERS DISMOUNT...

LET'S GO,
BOB!

ALL RIGHT,
CHET!

EARS, LONG TRAINED TO DETECT THE SLIGHTEST
SOUNDS OF HILLS AND FORESTS, PICK
UP THE FAINT CLICK OF BOOT HEELS...

THEY'RE COMING...
AND THERE ARE ONLY
TWO OF THEM...TIME
FOR ME TO GET TO
THE STABLES AND
"GREET" THEM...

BUT AS HE STARTS FORWARD,
SHARP EYES CATCH A SUDDEN
REFLECTION IN A WINDOW PANE...

GLINT OF LIGHT ON A PISTOL
BARREL! SOMEBODY'S
BEHIND ME!

TWO SHOTS RING OUT, AND BULLETS
THUD OMINOUSLY IN THE BOARDS
JUST OVER HIS HEAD, AS THE
FAMED LAWMAN DROPS LIKE A CAT...

MISSSED 'IM!



IT WASN'T THE BENTON BOYS
WHO FIRED THOSE SHOTS--BUT
SOMEBODY ELSE WHO WAS
PLANTED IN TOWN TO GET ME
FROM BEHIND! THE SHOTS
CAME FROM ACROSS THE
STREET... FROM AN UPSTAIRS
ROOM...

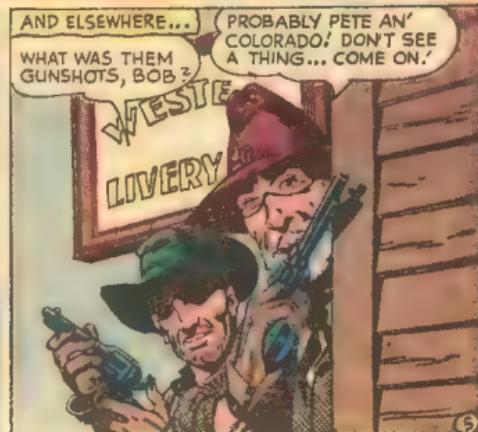
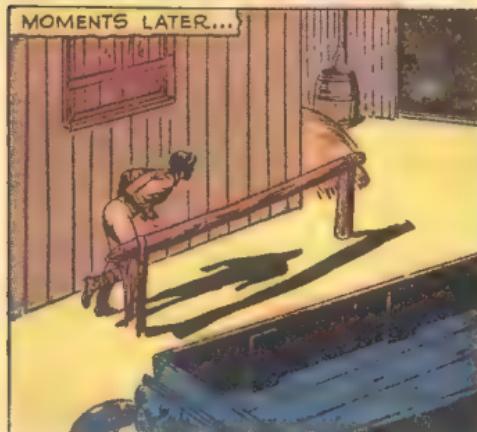
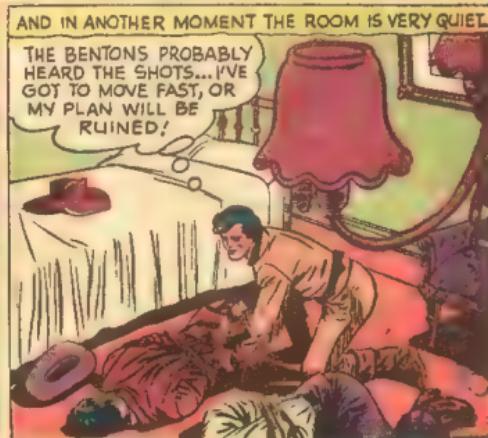




DETECTIVE COMICS



CIRCLING AROUND, THE INDIAN LAWMAN REACHES A WOODEN STAIRWAY--ASCENDS IT WITH THE STEALTH OF A PREYING WOLVERINE, AND THEN...

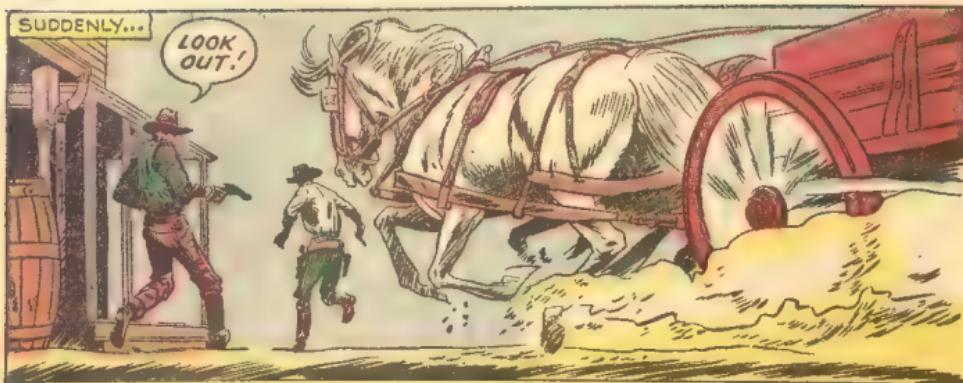


DETECTIVE COMICS



SUDDENLY...

LOOK
OUT!



ABRUPTLY, A FIGURE REARS UP IN THE WAGON--AND A WHISTLING LARIAT SNAKES THROUGH THE AIR, STRAIGHT AT CHET BENTON...

IT'S HIM! THE INDIAN LAWMAN! LOOK OUT, CHET.



SEPARATED YOU--JUST THE WAY I WANTED... SO I COULD GET ONE AT A TIME...

BLAM

BANG



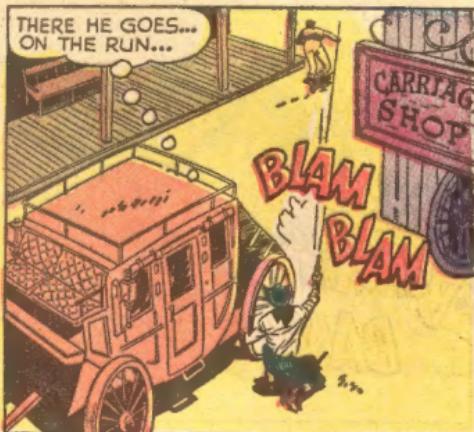
...LIKE THIS!



THREE DOWN--ONE TO GO!
AND THE ONE WHO IS LEFT
IS THE DEADLIEST OF THEM ALL!



DETECTIVE COMICS





Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!

I just won \$100. and this 15" tall Silver Trophy

I just won this \$1,000,000 Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can Win All These
just as I did
in 10
MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

Yes! You still
can win \$100
and other 25th
Anniversary Prizes,
if you MAIL coupon
below NOW. Your suc-
cess can soon be like
mine. A few weeks ago
I was a skinny weakling
like you. I had no guts to
fight for my rights. TODAY
everyone admires my champ
movie-star build. My mighty
ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My
wide manly SHOULDERS. My
POPULARITY with boys. The
way GIRLS go for me—once
so girl-shy. My new pro-
gress in SPORTS. My new
quickness in STUDIES. My
double-energy at work.



JOHN SILL
was a 125 lb.
6 ft. WEAKLING
LOOK at him NOW.
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe
**as YOU
can be
soon !**

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN WINNER—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

After a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body I have devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOL- LARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ John Sill did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

I GAINED 60 LBS. OF HANDSOME HARD-HITTING MUSCLES!

John Sill
NOW

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU ?

that 125 lb.—6 ft.
CHICKEN CHESTED WEAKLING BELOW
WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 10¢
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE



NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more.
Just mail **NOW THE FREE**
coupon below as I did.

Soon **YOU** can add
7 inches to your **CHEST**
3½ inches to EACH
ARM and the rest in
proportion as I did.

Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME
and I'll give YOU
A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
your OLD SKELETON FRAME
says George F. Jewett World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you
are—if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's
or 30's or older; if you're short or tall or
what work you do. All I want is JUST 10
EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE
YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD
I turned myself from a wreck to
a Champion of Champions.

How to Build
A MIGHTY
CHEST
How to Build
MIGHTY
ARMS
How to Build
A MIGHTY
BACK
How to Build
MIGHTY
LEGS
How to Build
A MIGHTY
GRIP

PHOTO BOOK
HOW
to Achieve
Nerves of Steel,
Muscles of Iron

FREE
How to BECOME A
MIGHTY HE-MAN

GEORGE
F. JEWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest



BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!
1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. MC-34

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

"Jewett Courses
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN
—R. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

JEWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail me FREE Jewett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and Muscle Meter, all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build a Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME.....

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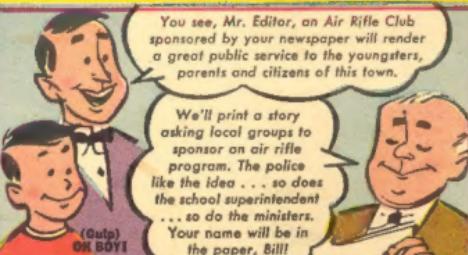
CITY.....

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

BILL STARTS AN AIR RIFLE CLUB

All the fun began when Bill mailed a coupon to Daisy for "HOW TO START A JUNIOR AIR RIFLE CLUB" booklet. A FEW DAYS LATER...

Bill and his parents eagerly read every word in the booklet...



The Air Rifle Club Idea spread like magic! Clubs were sponsored by the YMCA, YWCA, American Legion and V.F.W. Posts, Lions Club, Civitan, Optimists, Rotary, etc. Each club met weekly to shoot for official NRA medals and win baseball gloves, flashlights, other prizes. The short 15 foot NRA range distance made indoor shooting possible almost anywhere. Then 5 months later...

Following the city-wide Air Rifle Championship Shoot for 100 Club Members:

Congratulations on winning, Bill! You really started something wonderful when you sent for that Air Rifle Club Booklet!

Thanks, Mr. Mayor! These Air Rifle Clubs are as much sport as baseball. We didn't know organized shooting could be such fun!



Own the Famous

DAISY 1000-SHOT RED RYDER CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SCHLESINGER, B.V.

This world-famous Daisy Red Ryder Cowboy Carbine looks, feels, handles like a real Western saddle gun. Perfect for medal-winning air rifle club shooting. Loads like lightning! Holds nearly 1000 BBs. Genuine Carbine Ring on jacket with leather thong attached. Handsomely "checkered" molded fore-end. Realistic full oval, pistol-grip molded stock with Red Ryder's name, picture and horse "branded" on it. See it now at your hardware or sporting goods store. Get it—own it—shoot it!

Follow Bill's Advice!

Mail coupon for your copy of "HOW TO START A JUNIOR AIR RIFLE CLUB"—just like Bill did! It should help you get a new Daisy Air Rifle—just like Bill did! Show booklet to your Dad and to the person in charge of any juvenile group to which you belong such as Cub Packs, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, 4-H Club, Junior Rod & Gun, Grade Schools, etc. Don't delay another instant—rush coupon and 5c to help cover mailing-postage cost—just like Bill did! Hurry—do it right now.

**HOW
TO START
A JUNIOR
AIR RIFLE
CLUB**

Mail this Coupon

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 1543, PLYMOUTH, Michigan, USA
I enclose one nickel (5c in coin) for
"HOW TO START A JUNIOR AIR RIFLE CLUB" BOOKLET. Send it POSTPAID!

NAME _____

ST. & NO. _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NOW!

DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT IS
APPROVED for use in

**DAISY
AIR RIFLES**

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. 1543, PLYMOUTH, Michigan, USA

No. 111
only
\$5.95



Catalog
Page of
Daisy

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cluded in Booklet!

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SEE YOUR DEALER!

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